

# PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY,

AND

## WEEKLY REGISTER.

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SATURDAY, May 30, 1801.

### The Girl of the Mountains.

(CONTINUED.)

WHEN Adelaide had perused this shocking letter, she returned it to the Marchioness, who replaced it with a deep sigh. "To dwell on my sufferings, (said she,) is unnecessary; for eight days I was happily insensible of my wretchedness: mean while the Count acquired resolution the following morning to visit the vile Baroness. Little expecting such a visit, and having prevented his name from being announced, he suddenly appeared before her. Perhaps, for the first time in her life, she was overwhelmed with confusion and terror.

"I am come, madam, (said he abruptly,) to demand from you the jewel, the property of the Countess,—that cross which you pretailed upon my unhappy son to steal from his mother. I expect no subterfuge, or evasions: I have the evidence in my pocket, and the whole court can witness that you have it in your possession.

He then reproached her with every baseless poor Carlos had been guilty of, and protested he would appeal to the king, and expose her to the world.

Having recovered from her first terror, "Do so, (said she, with unparalleled indifference,) gallantry is no crime in the present day. I despise your malice, but remember the want of chastity is a venial crime in the eyes of the polite world;—a breach of honesty, a man opening locks by false keys, stealing, as you say, trinkets of great value, assassinating a gentleman to

avoid paying his debts,—those are crimes of the blackest die. The cross was a present to me, given in the presence of the king's mother, and two other persons; I never will resign it, cease therefore to demand it, or insult me. The honour of your family is in my keeping; your silence will command mine; but, if once provoked, depend upon it, your name shall be branded, your public character disgraced, and in the person of your son, both you and the Countess shall have cause for eternal regret that you presumed to affront me." She arose from her chair and left the room.

The Count retired, overwhelmed with a hundred contending passions. After some hours of consideration, he waited on the king, and requested a private audience; to him in confidence my poor Count produced the letter from his son, and told him of his application to the Baroness.

The king was extremely shocked; "This is going too far, (said he,) I will undertake to settle the business. Send the paste cross to me. I wish I could restore your son to you, but, as that cannot be done, trust to time; he has many great and noble qualities, he will distinguish himself under some borrowed name, and one day return to you with honours that may throw a veil over the disgraceful errors of youth."

My husband thanked his majesty, and returning home had the satisfaction to hear the gentleman my son had wounded was not so dangerously hurt as was at first apprehended.

Two days after this, the king desired the Count's attendance; he then delivered to him the jewel I so much valued. "I have had more trouble, (said he, smiling,) to manage one obstinate refractory woman, than to command an army. I have succeeded, however, at last.—There is your cross; but I have conditioned that the real value of

her's should remain a secret, and the story never transpire." The Count thankfully subscribed to the conditions, and was very grateful for his majesty's interference.

While this business was happily terminating, I remained in a frenzy-fever, which at length gave way to medical attention, and, on the day that heaven was pleased to restore my senses, the Count received permission from his Catholic Majesty for our return to Spain.

We soon took leave of the French court. Alas! there was the grave of all my happiness; and, when returning into Spain, without that son who had been the joy and pride of our lives, dreading lest his name should be mentioned to cover us with confusion. Oh! I can give you no idea of the exquisite misery we long experienced.

The king created the Count Marquis de Gusman. Ah! how little could titles or distinctions contribute to give ease to hearts afflicted like ours! What bubbles, what empty shadows, where peace of mind was destroyed for ever. The constitution of my beloved Marquis imperceptibly declined, the body sunk under the conflicts of his mind. It pleased heaven to try my fortitude by the last calamity I could suffer, witnessing the hourly decay of the best of men for near a twelvemonth, during which time, till two days previous to his death, he had never once mentioned his unhappy son.

That day I was silently watching his emaciated countenance, suppressing the agitations of my heart, that I might not disturb his last moments; when, awaking from a short sleep, he looked at me with inexpressible tenderness. "My dearest love, the last closing scene draws near. I feel here, (putting his hand to his bosom,) that the hour approaches fast that will release me from suffering, and you from sorrow and fatigue."

At that moment my brother, Don Lopez entered. I was suffocated with grief. I could not speak. He joined our hands;—"To your care I commend the best and dearest of women. Love my memory, but with that resignation that becomes Christians towards the Almighty's decrees. And now witness both, (raising his hands and eyes fervently to heaven,)—witness, that at this moment, perfectly in my senses, and in the frame of mind that becomes a dying man, I sincerely, and from my soul, forgive my dear unhappy Carlos—all the errors of his life, convinced they originated not from a bad heart, but from youthful passions, and the first impression on a susceptible heart, made by an infamous object. Should Providence bring him repentant to your arms, receive him, cherish him with kindness, tell him that I forgave and blessed him with my last breath."

From that hour he spoke frequently of his son with compassion and tenderness. Two days after this he expired in my arms.

I throw a veil over my sufferings. A feeling heart like yours, dear Adelaide, may conceive them, therefore I will not wound you with useless details. My brother remained with me some time; the necessity that obliged me to look into my affairs, and settle business with tenants, was of infinite service to rouse me from the grief that oppressed me.

All our friends believe my son died abroad. The secret is in the hands only of my brother and my woman.

Last night busy fancy brought my unhappy son before me, pale, emaciated, and dejected. He asked for Adelaide, you appeared: he was going to rush into your arms, when my brother and a stranger stepped in between you. The stranger seized your hand, and gave it to my brother. Carlos exclaimed,—You have now given the stroke that ends all! I turned, and saw him weltering in his blood; I shrieked, and the same moment you flew towards him, and rudely pushed away Don Lopez. The shock awakened me; for some time I saw the dreadful vision before me, and was still trembling when my woman came to dress me.

This dream made such an impression on my mind, that I resolved, the first moment I could assume resolution, I would repose my melancholy story in your bosom."

Here the Marchioness concluded the detail of her misfortunes, and Adelaide most feelingly participated in her sorrows.—Participation lessens grief, and when the dinner hour arrived, the party met at table with more cheerfulness than usual; the cloud, which had hung over the features of the Marchioness in the morning, was succeeded by a placidity, not displeasing, though not animated.

Their repast was prolonged till a late hour. The ladies at length retired to the library, and the Governor to his private study to write. He had been but a few minutes thus employed, before a servant announced the arrival of his messenger from Tudella, with the Count de Beauvais.—The joy of the Governor was superior to ceremony; he flew to embrace the Count, like a long-expected friend. Straining him in his arms, "Welcome, (he cried) a thousand welcomes from friends prepared to love you!" His motions were so rapid, his voice, his actions so ani-

mated, that the Count was extremely surprised at this uncommon reception from a stranger.—"You do me infinite honour, sir, a reception so flattering I hail as a good omen.—My child—my Adelaide—"

"Is here, sir, (replied the Governor,) and thank heaven, perfectly well. O sir, you are the happiest of men, you have abundant cause to think so, when blest with such a daughter."

The Count seared himself; the big tear rolled down his cheeks.—"Excuse me, good sir, (said he,) joy has so long been a stranger to this bosom, that it causes strange emotions, perhaps not so becoming in a man."

"The tears that flow from the feelings of a susceptible heart do honour to human nature; (said the Governor,) how much more respectable when the effusions of parental tenderness. Here, sir, you are with friends, and may indulge freely."

The Count's agitations were too great to admit of words. To know that he was in the same house with his beloved Adelaide—to see that she had acquired such noble friends, and that to her merit he was indebted for kindness so gratifying, and respect so flattering.—We cannot wonder that his heart overflowed with sensibility from such delightful sensations, and, from the expression of his countenance, words were not requisite to explain his feelings.

Having taken some wine, the Governor said, "Now, sir, compose your spirits; endeavour to acquire fortitude that may support yourself and daughter, for I go to announce your arrival."

He withdrew, and followed the ladies into the garden; they were seated in a small arbour. He advanced with a quick light step, his countenance glowing with pleasure and animation.

"Bless me, (said the Marchioness,) look at my brother!—he is only eighteen by the briskness of his air; see too how gay he looks; what is all this for?"

"Oh! cried Adelaide, he is the messenger of good news.—She sprung from her seat, and flew to meet him. "Dear sir, she exclaimed, don't disappoint me. I am sure you have heard from my father."

"Yes, my charming friend, you are right, I have heard from him, he is on the road to you, you may see him this very day."

"She started, trembled, and looked anxiously on him. "You would not, I am persuaded, deceive me.—"I may see him this day!" Gracious Heaven! cried she, lifting up her fearful eyes, accept the heartfelt gratitude that presses here, putting her hand to her breast, and make me worthy of the happiness thou hast prepared for me!"

The Governor was charmed with her composure and piety—"I see, said he, taking her hand, that your fortitude may be trusted; it would be cruelty to trifle with you any longer. Your father is arrived, and is now waiting to receive and bless you."

She made no reply, but drawing her hand from him, and seizing one of the Marchioness's, "Come, come!" she cried, and dragging her up the garden with inconceivable speed. Not a word passed; she proceeded at the same rate to the room, pushed open the door, threw herself into her father's arms and fainted. The whole was the rapidity of a moment.

The temporary suspension of her senses soon returned, and she found herself in the arms of her much-lamented parent. "My father!—My Adelaide!" were the only words they could articulate for some time. Her friends warmly sympathized in their mutual happiness, and having congratulated them, withdrew, that they might freely indulge in those delightful emotions, known only to the parental bosom, and which no language can describe.—Adelaide briefly mentioned her obligations to the Governor and his sister, reserving her long story for another opportunity.—"I am impatient to learn your's, but it would be a treason against friendship to hear it but in the presence of my benefactress and her excellent brother."

Two hours passed together alone, enabled them to return to the saloon, serene and happy. All retrospections were waved that evening that could any ways interrupt the delightful harmony they enjoyed, and, at the hour of rest, Adelaide retired with such perfect content that she seemed to defy the power of the fickle goddess to wound her again.

At the breakfast hour every one met with good humour and complacency, and settled it that they should assemble in the library two hours before dinner, to hear the Count relate his story, till then they were at liberty to amuse themselves. Adelaide and her father retired together, as he was desirous of hearing more particularly the occurrences she had met with, and the Governor took a walk into the gardens, to reflect on the nature of his present feelings. He had been walking near an hour, when he observed a gentleman advancing, and presently recognized the person of Don Felix. Extremely surprised, he saluted him but coldly, and the other seemed a little embarrassed, but endeavoured to recover a free air.—My dear Governor, said he, I have been a sad fellow, I acknowledge, and blush for my errors, and am desirous of repairing them; what can a man do more? You see, looking on his arm, I carry the memento of my folly about me, but the charming Adelaide will be less generous than I think her if she makes that any part of her objections to me."

"You came here then to see Adelaide?"

"I did, a letter to my sister informed me that she was going with the Marchioness to her house. I was prompted to call here, and happily I am informed she is in your house."

"And pray what atonement can you offer that will obliterate her natural resentment?"

"O that you will hear and see: believe me you will find me an altered man. I most truly repent of my conduct towards that charming girl; I pursue her now to make her an offer of my hand and fortune.—Tell me candidly, Governor, had you any serious thoughts of marrying this lovely girl?—did you ever make her a direct proposal?"

Serious thoughts! repeated the Governor indignantly, I have, sir, more than once, made a direct and serious offer of myself to Adelaide, and most happy should I have been in her acceptance of my hand and fortune; but she has a soul too noble to be influenced by mercenary views, and I have too much respect for her to be importunate, or seek a hand without a heart."

"Very heroic, truly! cried Don Felix, not at all pleased with his air or words, but

as it appears you have no hopes of success, you have no right to be displeased that I choose to try my chance."

"I have no right, replied the Governor, and you are perfectly at liberty to proceed as you think proper."

He turned, and left him, lest he should not be able, much longer, to keep his temper, for he felt his indignation increase every moment.

Mean-while Felix left the garden, and inquired for Adelaide, sending a message that a gentleman begged to see her, having something to deliver from a friend. She was with her father, and surprised at the intimation. Seeing that she hesitated, "By all means admit him, said he, am not I with you?"

The door was opened; the servant announced Don Felix; she started from her chair—"Heavens! is it you, sir?"

"I ought indeed to blush, madam, at appearing before you, but I come on my knees to solicit your forgiveness for my improper unjustifiable conduct. Forgive the madness of an ungovernable passion.—I come to urge you that I may be allowed to devote the remainder of my days to make every atonement in my power—to offer my hand and fortune to your disposal—to be your protector thro' life, and by tenderness and respect do away the remembrance of all my follies."

Adelaide, after a little hesitation, thus addressed him. "I have heard you, sir, with patience,—I expect the same compliment from you. The love you boast of, is not the kind of love which can ever engage my esteem. You saw me poor, friendless, and dependent,—an object, that, in a generous mind, would have engaged compassion, if not respect."

"You condescended to the meanest duplicity, to various unwarrantable schemes to carry on your base designs against an unfortunate orphan. When you had betrayed me into your power, how insulting, how disrespectful was your conduct, how often was raillery, ridicule, and cruelty, added to insult! O, sir, tell me not of love; debase not the noblest sentiment of the soul, by giving your passion the name of love. Examine the conduct of the Governor and your's with an impartial eye; let the result prove how little you know of your own heart, when you suppose you love me.—The man, who could degrade the woman he intends to marry, by insults and improper freedoms, is unworthy a woman of virtue, and she who could pardon them, deserves not the hand of a man of honour. Such, sir, is my inviolable opinion, and from thence you may gather, that, had you millions to offer, I would reject them all."

Never was surprise and consternation equal to what overpowered the mortified Don Felix.—"Tis well, madam, cried he, almost frantic:—you triumph in your power, but I have done. I would sooner bear this despised heart from my bosom, than offer it to be trampled on by your pride."

Passion, rage, and vexation choked his utterance: he quitted the room, and flew out of the house in an agony that beggars all description.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

For the Philadelphia Repository.

## REFLECTIONS

*On the great utility of Debating Societies.*

IT was my lot a short time since to be accidentally introduced into a society of this kind, where questions of a moral, literary, philosophical, historical, and sentimental nature, are discussed by a society of citizens who meet weekly for the purpose; and I confess I was not a little gratified by the entertainment, as well as information it afforded me. And what added to my satisfaction, was the very agreeable disappointment I experienced on hearing the discussion. When I entered the room I began to contemplate the characters which presented themselves to my view. One of which I did not hesitate to designate as a country farmer, whose ideas of philosophy I thought had never extended farther than the plowing of his land, and the anxious expectation of a good crop at harvest. The next that claimed my attention, was a little man, plainly dressed, to whom I immediately attached the character of a schoolmaster. Another brought to my recollection the character of \*\*\*\* so well depicted by Smollet in Roderic Random:—during my reveries on these three, a man came in to whom I could affix no similitude but that of Sir John Falstaff in Henry IV. the grotesque appearance of whom gave me a kind of disgust, which had nearly determined me to take my leave of the company, and to proceed elsewhere to look for philosophers and logicians; but at this instant the chairman announced the question for discussion, when all the members gave such signs of order and attention, that I was induced to remain, if peradventure my risible faculties at least might feel themselves a little at home, in laughing at the attempts of these logicians to discuss a question, which I thought better calculated to occupy the attention and talents of some of the first rate characters of our country, or of any country in the world. But what was my surprise, when the opener of the question, in the first sentence, fully convinced me of my own vain conceit and ignorance of mankind, as well as of the subject under discussion. I felt much consolation that my disappointment was only known to myself; had it been otherwise, my embarrassment would have exposed me to the ridicule of the company, as well as covered me with secret confusion. After displaying very considerable erudition, and a familiar acquaintance with science, a profound knowledge of the subject, and of mankind; he was encountered by a member on the opposite side of the question so powerfully, that my mind was left in suspense upon the merits of the question, or rather to which side I should give my consent. Several members engaged warmly in the controversy, much to my satisfaction; and I must do them the justice

to say, that they displayed such knowledge and talents, as I could not have conceived from a cursory observation of their general appearance. This convinced me that we must not always judge of the internal by the external.—It was evident to me, that these men have neither been idle spectators of what is passing in the world, nor have they preferred the adorning their persons, to the neglect of their minds; but wisely preferred the intellectual pleasures which result from a well informed mind, to that tinsel frippery of outside show, which oftener depicts the monkey than the man. The satisfaction resulting from this accidental visit, has led me to contemplate more seriously on societies of this kind; and I do sincerely think that if such societies were cultivated by the rising generation, it would conduce a great deal to the advantage of society in general. I could wish that fifty such societies existed in this city, composed of young men of all descriptions: by this means their minds would be occupied in the attainment of useful knowledge, instead of wasting their time in the pursuit of follies or vices, which are a perpetual source of unhappiness, both to them and their friends. Besides, there is another very important advantage to be derived from such exercises:—Most young men (however bright and shining their talents may be) have a natural diffidence of delivering their sentiments in a public company, and this arises principally from a want of knowing how to arrange their ideas in a proper order; which can only be attained by exercises of this kind: for although a person may attain to a pretty correct mode of *writing*, yet he will feel a diffidence of *speaking* in public, until such exercises have given some degree of confidence. There is another advantage resulting from such societies, which I will exemplify by a similitude.—As there are many a rich pearl and valuable diamond, whose splendor is totally lost by being but thinly veiled from the human eye; so it is with many a bright genius in the human character; merely for want of being brought into public view, their merit is not appreciated by others, and being too diffident of themselves, remain all their lives in obscurity; and consequently their value is never ascertained, nor their services ever obtained by their fellow creatures. Such societies are well calculated to clear away the rubbish from shining talents, and consequently give them their proper place and estimation in society. I have to remark (and I feel it my duty to do so) that nothing immoral or unchaste is permitted in this society; and I am convinced, if it were more generally known to the citizens, it would be more fully attended by all ranks. I think they call it the *Franklinean Society*, from one of the same kind having been instituted in this city by Dr. Franklin; an account of which may be seen in his own Biography.

CANDOUR.

*Adventures in a Castle.**An Original Story.*

(CONTINUED.)

HE commenced his relation when himself and Henry were separated from M. Dupont and entered the recess. He recounted the insults he received upon his being found, and, together with his brother, being closely confined in irons. His daily pittance was brought him by a ruffian, whose countenance indicated villainy of the deepest dye; to all his requests to know by whose authority, and for what reason he was kept a prisoner, no answer was returned, nor could all his entreaties procure him information of the fate of Henry. All was incertitude, and his imagination conjured up the form of Henry, receiving his death-wound from the hand of an assassin, who would next plunge the weapon, perhaps yet reeking in his brother's gore, into his own bosom. A few days only had elapsed, when his keeper entered the prison, accompanied by two others, and he was led out, (the two men following him with drawn swords,) and conveyed through the subterranean apartments to a remote place, where he naturally concluded his life was to be terminated. But he was mistaken, for he had soon the pleasure of seeing Henry conducted into the same apartment, which was filled with armed men, and found that their removal was on account of a body of troops under M. Dupont, approaching to search the castle. They distinctly heard them at a distance in the building, and the hopes of the prisoners began to revive; but after a few hours had elapsed, they had the mortification of hearing them depart, and all the fond visions of liberty, which fancy had created, vanished, and gloomy despair usurped their place.—No embrace was permitted them, nor were they allowed to speak to each other, and they were conducted back to their cells without enjoying any satisfaction from the interview, but what Louis derived from seeing the youth of his brother, bearing up against the ill effects of confinement, and his recovering his health notwithstanding all his misfortunes. But his own countenance could convey no such satisfaction to his brother, for it bore the stamp of melancholy, and when a smile illuminated his pallid features upon the appearance of Henry, like the gleam of a meteor in a watery atmosphere, it quickly disappeared. The same dull routine occupied the time of his imprisonment, without any material occurrence, when one even-

ing after the guard had seen him for the last time that night, as he was pacing with "heavy steps and slow" the floor of his prison, "a dismal long-drawn groan, reached his ear. His chains had been taken off some time, as his keepers supposed the door secured with massy bars and bolts, sufficient. The idea that this horrid sound might be the last groan of his brother, roused into exertion all his dormant faculties, which had sunk through inactivity into nerveless indolence. He examined the door, and to his inexpressible surprise he found it had been left unfastened through the negligence of his keeper; taking advantage of this lucky occurrence, he issued from his prison, and passed hastily along the passage; a door half open arrested his progress, and an irresistible impulse urged him to inspect the room. A lamp suspended from the ceiling, in the same manner as in the cell where he had been confined, afforded its glimmering light, and presented to his view a scene replete with horror. It was the body of his brother Henry, laying in his gore, who thus in the spring of life, ere he had tasted its pleasures, had bidden them adieu for ever. Driven to distraction by the horrific appearance, he rushed out of the room, and flew along the passage with such rapidity, that he would have been mistaken for an aerial being, the sound of whose footsteps were not perceptible to mortal ear. Not knowing whither it led, he pursued the avenue till it terminated in a postern gate, which was open, and where two centinels were stationed. With the velocity of lightning he flew past them, and, unconscious of the action, quitted the hated walls which had been productive of so much misery to himself, and his loved Henry, leaving the centinels stupified with surprise and terror. But ere Louis could proceed far from the castle they recalled their scattered faculties, and discharged their musquets in the direction he had taken, and with too much success, for the contents of one of them was lodged in his arm, and felled him to the earth. Animated with almost supernatural strength, he arose and resumed his progress towards the chateau, which he just reached when all his strength failed him, and he sunk into a state of total insensibility, as has been mentioned before.

When Louis had finished his relation, a consultation was held upon the most probable means to evade any future attacks which might be made on his person. To relate the conversation young Boileau had overheard the preceding night, would give the Duke of Alencon too severe a shock, he therefore deferred speaking of it

till he could have a private interview with M. Dupont, & as the suspicions of the whole party attached to the Count, it was resolved that they should return the same day to the chateau; the Duke intended to take the first opportunity to dismiss the Count, and destroy all his hopes of an alliance with his daughter. Agreeable to the plan they had adopted, M. Dupont and Louis returned to the chateau, and the same afternoon the Count de Vauban, in a private conference with the Duke of Alencon, avowed his attachment to Mademoiselle de Lantz, and demanded her hand in marriage. The proposal was rejected in the most civil terms, to the great surprize, and mortification of de Vauban, who, after a secret interview with the Marquis, departed from the castle.

Arrived at such an advanced period of our history, let us take a review of the life of de Vauban, as far as concerns his nephews. Possessing a perfect knowledge of his brother's wealth, he no sooner received the intelligence of his death, than he conceived the nefarious design of removing his nephews by force, and enjoying the uninterrupted possession of the estate. The execution of his purpose would however be attended with difficulty, but he was not to be discouraged, and he concerted his plan with precision, determined by perseverance to surmount every obstacle. His dependents were numerous, and he well knew would execute any thing he could wish. For the purpose of securing his nephews, he stationed a number of the villains under his protection in the castle, some parts of which, were in a ruinous situation, and when M. Dupont retired with his wards to his country seat, de Vauban, who frequently visited them, diligently explored every part of the building, and found the ruined wing communicated by narrow passages with that in which the family resided. Ever on the watch for an opportunity to reduce his plans to practice, he discovered in the apartment assigned to Henry, a private door, which was entirely unknown to any of the family. Through this he gave admission in the night to some of his ruffian attendants, who conveyed Henry to the castle, where he was confined in a damp prison and fettered. No ray of light illuminated the obscurity of the dungeon, nor served to cheer his melancholy situation, save what one glimmering taper afforded. A superstitious fear prevented de Vauban's immediately ordering the assassination of Henry, but he left him a prey to torturing sensations, and the pestiferous atmosphere of his prison. But

when he learned the arrival of M. Dupont's family in the neighbourhood, the fear of being discovered induced him to order Henry's death, and insure his own safety: but this unfortunate termination of his life, was prevented by the timely interposition of Louis, in the vaults of the castle, when Gerald paid the forfeit of his crimes. Louis for a considerable time eluded the vigilance of his uncle, till the unfortunate adventure of exploring the castle, when he fell a victim to his temerity. The Count carefully kept his abused nephews in uncertainty respecting the author of their misfortunes, lest any unavoidable accident, which his guilty and mistrustful conscience could not foresee or guard against, should give them their liberty, and raise an incontrovertible evidence of his guilt. Being disappointed in his expectations of immediate possession of M. Boileau's estate, he obtained an introduction to the family of Alencon, through the medium of the Marquis, whom he had often met at the gaming table: hoping to recruit his disordered and almost exhausted finances, by a marriage with Antoniette. Fearful of his anger, his dependents forbore to mention to him the escape of Louis, and he had no reason to suppose he had eluded his villainous intentions, till he met him at the Duke of Alencon's castle. The surprize the sight of him occasioned, roused in his bosom the dormant spark of shame, and kindled the confusion which shone in his countenance. When his nephew had departed to the chateau, and he met with the unexpected rejection of his proposals, on the part of the duke, his enmity to Louis, who he supposed had influenced the decision of the Duke, was redoubled, and he vowed the most sanguinary revenge. He departed sullen and mortified, for his castle, which he had previously put in a state of defence, as his capacious mind had prepared against the evils of adversity, and admitted the possibility of his experiencing the frowns of fortune, and being obliged to recur to his predatory system for support. Here, with his band of ruffians, he resided, and spread terror and devastation throughout the vicinity. The Marquis being himself restricted by his father, in his pecuniary affairs, could afford him no assistance, and tired with his frequent importunities, broke the bonds of intimacy which had united them. Had not the Marquis been of a timid disposition, had he been endowed with the daring courage of de Vauban, he would have been a paricide, for he had a heart sufficiently corrupted to harbour the atrocious design.

(To be continued.)

### The Commentator, No. 10.

*"Homines ad Deos, nullâ re propriis accedunt, quam salutem pominibus dando."*

CICERO.

*"Men resemble the Gods in nothing so much as in doing good to their fellow creatures."*

STEELE.

WHEN we reflect on the difference of the nature of every individual, the various conceptions we all of us form of the same object, and that in no instance our ideas perfectly correspond, it can no longer appear extraordinary, that we engage in pursuits, differing in some degree from each other. Happiness is the grand object we all have in view, and we naturally choose the most expeditious method to obtain it; all our exertions are used to obviate every difficulty, with which our pursuit of it may be embarrassed, and we select those means which in our own opinion, have the strongest tendency to promote its attainment. To specify the various modes we adopt respecting it, would be superfluous, and it will be sufficient, to class the different species of happiness under two distinct heads, —*temporal* and *eternal*; one of which at least, every individual is searching after, and frequently aiming at both.

Experience forbids us to entertain the idea, that it depends wholly upon our own exertions to procure happiness here, as misfortune will cloud our brightest prospects, and disappoint expectations, which to our limited comprehension, may appear well grounded; yet I have always conceived, that the principal source of our unhappiness, is to be attributed, to our not endeavouring to submit with composure, to those vexations incident to all those who inhabit this world. It has been proved beyond a doubt, that if we exert our strength of mind to bear with fortitude, those trials which every one must experience, we may in time look upon them with an eye of philosophical indifference, or of religious calmness. Consequently, when we have attained this point, trivial evils will be totally disregarded, and great misfortunes be unable to interrupt our tranquillity. To arrive at this stage of contentment, to possess sufficient firmness of mind to resist the effect perverse accidents of importance have upon those, who are unprepared to endure them, it is necessary that we should be careful, that trifling vexations should never sour our tempers, or give us a moment's uneasiness. By this practice, we should be enabled to view evils of greater magnitude, with composure.

The enjoyment of perfect happiness, cannot be expected by any mortal, but it depends in a great measure upon himself, to be wretched or contented. It is, in another state of being, that we can only expect unalloyed felicity of eternal duration, and to obtain this, ought to be the primary object of our attention: this great acquisition depends solely on ourselves. If we make a proper use of those gifts which an all-wise Providence has dispensed to us;—if we act according to the principles, which have been laid down for us by his authority, and conduct ourselves uprightly in our commerce with each other;—if we correct every evil propensity of our nature, and subject our passions to the guidance of reason, we no doubt shall receive our reward. The celebrated orator of antiquity, whose sentiment I have quoted above, was equally renowned for his extraordinary eloquence, and for the justice of his ideas; and I believe, that most men will allow, that there are few things, if any, "in which men resemble the Divinity so much as in doing good to their fellow creatures." This "God-like virtue," is then the sphere in which man should act, as in the practice of it he approaches to a level with celestial beings, and consequently, it is the greatest step towards the attainment of eternal happiness. But it must be unmixed with ostentation, it must not be exercised in "the face of day," but in private, for the sake of the action alone, not that the world may suppose you charitable; or, with respect to the possession of the reward due to the genuine principles of Charity, all its efficacy is lost.

Beside the object we have in view, when the period of our existence here arrives, the delightful sensations alone, which are the offspring of Benevolence, are a sufficient compensation for any supposed trouble. To alleviate the distresses of our fellow-creatures, to merit, and receive their thanks,—to extend the arm of succour to those who are in danger of being overwhelmed by the tempestuous sea of misfortune, and to hear prayers poured forth for our welfare, the effusions of hearts expanded with gratitude, is indeed a pleasure, the susceptible mind only, can conceive. Very few however, I believe, act upon the pure principles of Charity, but merely make use of it as a cloak to cover views of a more selfish nature;—to be considered by the world as alive to sympathetic feelings, or to turn their attention from too minute an investigation into other parts of their conduct. "Charity hides a multitude of sins," is I think the old maxim, the justice of which every one will readily ad-

mit, for if we see a person possessing this Christian virtue, we do not wish to pry into his faults, and what appears self-evident we forgive through the admiration we have for it.

What pursuit of sublunary happiness can yield such exquisite sensations, as the consciousness of having employed our time in a way the most serviceable to mankind, and of having added new dignity to humanity?—If we were ambitious of being famous, what better way can be found to perpetuate our memory, than seeking out and relieving those who are suffering under the dreadful evil of want. The philanthropic Howard, has indeed erected a "monument more durable than brass," his name will be remembered and respected, when all others who act upon the selfish principle that "Charity begins at home," have been consigned to oblivion, or recollected only with contempt. His benevolent exertions to alleviate the misery of his fellow creatures, ought to be written in legible characters on the hearts of all, who hold virtue in estimation. Careless of fatigue, and prodigal of his health, when engaged in the noblest work of humanity, he no doubt enjoys the meed of virtue, in a sphere of being, where there is no wretchedness to relieve; as he here enjoyed the satisfaction derived from a consciousness of having performed his duty; affording a convincing proof, that contentment *here*, and happiness *hereafter*, are by no means incompatible. J.

### Criticism, No. 3.

HUMAN nature can never arrive at a state of perfection, nor any mortal be totally faultless. My last number, has raised many enemies to my peace. But it certainly was to be expected, that, in the execution of such a bold design, as I there laid down, I should expose myself to the attacks of the foe. Yet my plan was innocent, and to execute with justice the design I had formed, it was absolutely necessary to possess an accurate judgment. Fortunately I did not profess to criticise style; consequently, cannot be accused of being guilty of the same fault myself which I proscribed in others. The observations of J. C. are some of them just, others extremely sophistical. The enunciation of a subject ought not to be diffuse, but concise; it ought not to be made in a long sentence, but in such a manner that the reader might comprehend at a single glance the meaning of the writer. This is the sentiment of a person who possessed a perfect knowledge of the different species of stile,

and to whose judgment I cheerfully submit. Had J. C. adhered to the rules of composition laid down by Dr. Blair, in all his remarks, as he has done in this, no opposition to his sentiments would have been made, but I should cheerfully acquiesce in his decision, considering him as the representative of that venerated author. When writing the last number, I was in too much haste to attend to the accuracy of the stile so much as was requisite, and, as it was merely an introductory number, was too negligent to be prepared against the attack of J. C. Time also would not permit me to acknowledge, that the Disappointed Man possessed merit, and evinced the fire of genius; but my opinion respecting the absurdity of selecting a *valley*, where the view is confined by the irremovable barriers which enclose it, is not altered. An elevated spot is certainly better calculated to excite sentiments of awful admiration than a valley; for on the brow of the mountain you may behold with intellectual gratification the immensity of the works of nature. You seem elevated above the grovelling pursuits of mankind, and to have approached nigher to the Divinity. There you may look down upon the valley below, as a small part of the vast prospect; you may trace the rivulet as in silent grandeur it winds along the valley, and feel your heart expanded with gratitude to the all-wise Creator of the world, for his benevolence to the dependents on his bounty. Why then rest contented with the valley?—why not be emulous of sharing in the pleasures to be derived from the sublimity of the prospect?—Will no laudable ambition urge you to soar to a more elevated situation? but you must remain in the *valley*, and survey the works of nature on a diminished scale.—The sketch I gave in my last, of my intentions, was intended to convey the information, that I had in view the attempt, not to promise the execution. Should I fail, which is by no means improbable, I shall not be the only instance of unsuccessful boldness, and add another proof, that well intended schemes frequently fail through inability to practise what in theory was not difficult. E. K. N. has, in his note, only evinced the spirit of wounded pride, without being successful enough, to "turn the weapon back upon the foe." To wound his feelings was not intended, but merely to point out the absurdity of the ideas which were noted. His simile of life to a "little blaze, that hovers round its mouldering socket, &c." is really very beautiful, and displays an energetical wildness highly pleasing. To Amicus my thanks

are due, and I must acknowledge that his ideas are congenial to my own; when examining the Disappointed Man, it brought the Despondent so fresh to my memory that I almost fancied I could trace the hand of the maniac in the wildness of its sentences. J. C. whose talent at criticism, the readers of this paper have seen exercised, by confining himself to the particular pursuit of this his favourite study, prevents my ability to retort his advice of "*medice cura te ipsum*," and I do not profess to be such a proficient in stile, as to be capable of detecting errors in his writings. X.

### Plan of Female Education.

NO. VII.

*Friendship's dear-ties for gen'rous souls were made,*

*When they relax, black woes our peace invade :  
Friendship from ev'ry ill can life defend,—*

*Our guardian Angel's but a FAITHFUL FRIEND.*

SAVAGE.

UNDER the sacred title which I have assumed, my little friends must not suffer themselves to imagine, even for a moment, that I can wish to place before them difficult tasks, unless these tasks are absolutely necessary for their real advantage. Let them read over all my essays, written only for their improvement, and they must be convinced that I have suggested the most easy methods for the advancement of that great end. I have endeavoured to point out a path both pleasing and profitable: we must, it is very true, climb the hill, but we will climb it together; when a difficult steep is to be gotten over, my arm is ever at their service,—and if, on account of their tender age, they cannot clamber up the hill in a direct line, let them turn to their teacher, he has some experience, has travelled that way many, and many a time, perhaps he may lead them by a path where the ascent is less steep, and the journey consequently will be more agreeable. I must acknowledge, that the study I would now wish my Eliza to engage in, is difficult—her friend cannot deceive her.—To acquire a knowledge of grammar, is an irksome task to every young mind, the reason is obvious—the pupil sees no immediate advantage resulting from it—is not amused by committing to memory dry definitions, and rules for the government or concordance of words, consequently the grammar is taken up with disgust, the lecture, of the teacher is listened too without pleasure, and without profit.

As it does not appear possible to devise any mode how this great difficulty may be entirely overcome, the best advice that I can suggest is the following: parents must insist much on the advantages to be derived from grammatical knowledge; ladies who possess this knowledge in an eminent degree, must be praised; they must express a great desire to see their daughters mistress of such an excellent accomplishment, and approve heartily of all the means made use of by the teacher, for the obtainment of that great end—The tutor by giving short lessons, and explaining them accurately, by using praise, and, if possible, avoiding censure, by insisting often on the beauties that will shortly be brought to light, and the pleasure his pupil will then receive, must incite her curiosity, if possible; and if this can be done, she will quickly surmount all the difficulties which oppose her progress.

I doubt not but it is expected, that I should say what Grammar I would wish to be put into the hands of my pupil. Among such a variety, it is difficult to make a choice.—In the hand of a judicious teacher any one may answer the purpose; and the best possible system will prove ineffectual if not thus assisted.

Every teacher is to consider what one is the most simple in its language, shortest in its definitions, and plainest in its rules—and give that his approbation. Two grammars in this city, possess much merit for the qualities just assigned; I mean Harrison's and Carson's: undoubtedly both have faults, but the method laid down in them is good, and worthy of approbation.

Let me here advert to one particular; some teachers I have often observed, cause their pupils to commit their grammar to memory, and proceed no farther; no examination, no parsing, no exercise, and the child laments the trouble and time lost without any benefit. To point out how this may be remedied, how exercises may be made, and the child induced to attempt the task of Composition, shall be the subject of my next number.

*A Friend to the Fair Sex.*

#### COMMUNICATION.

THE lovers of *Sacred Harmony* are highly gratified at the return of the Rev. Mr. LAW to our city. They are led to anticipate a revival of that essential, and truly edifying part of divine worship, under his superintendence. Spirited exertions ought, and I fondly hope will be made, to induce Mr. LAW to remain with us.

Mr. LAW's superior knowledge of Music is universally acknowledged. It would be superfluous to dwell upon merit so conspicuous. Possessed of a liberal education, with a mind naturally attuned to the "concord of sweet sounds," he has studied music for years as a science, and has obtained a thorough and profound knowledge of its principles.

Mr. LAW is perhaps unrivalled in the valuable faculty of preserving the most complete order in his school, and in the happiest facility of imparting instruction.

So much pernicious quackery has been displayed by musical professors, to the almost irreparable injury of learners, that I should imagine the acquisition of such an instructor, could not be too highly appreciated.

Lukewarmness in the business will not do. So much worth cannot be converted to our emolument, but by proper exertions. A prompt and cordial co-operation in those who value Sacred Harmony ought now to be evinced.

#### JEAU D'ESPRIT.

That every Poet is a Fool,  
By demonstration NED can shew it:  
Happy, cou'd NED's inverted rule  
Prove ev'ry Fool to be a Poet!

### PHILADELPHIA,

MAY 30, 1801.

#### Marriages.

*Whenever Hymen joins two worthy hands,  
And love is knotted in the silken bands;  
When heart in union with heart shall beat,  
And placid temper, placid temper meet;  
When pure fidelity and truth are giv'n,  
With marriage-vows, and register'd in heav'n;  
The moral and the social virtues join,  
And make your earthly station half divine.*

MARRIED....In this City...On the 20th inst. Mr. John M. Smith, to Miss Ann Rowen, daughter of the late Moses Rowen....By the right Rev. Bishop White, John C. Wells, esq. counsellor at law, to the amiable Miss Mary W. Sonntag....By the Rev. Mr. Milledolar, Mr. Thomas Hennessy, to Miss Margaret Shriver....On the 26th by the Rev. Dr. Samuel Helfenstine, Mr. Abraham Baker, to Miss Maria Miller, daughter of Mr. Daniel Miller, all of the Northern Liberties....On the 28th, Mr. William Griffith, to Miss Elizabeth Beau-

mont, of Delaware County....By the Right Rev. Bishop White, Mr. James N. Taylor, to Miss Eleanor Dunlap, eldest daughter of Dr. J. Dunlap.

.....At New-York, on the 21st, by the Rev. Mr. Abeel, Stephen Van Cortlandt, esq. to Miss Jane Beekman, eldest daughter of James Beekman, esq.

#### Deaths.

*Death's awful summons with imperious call,  
Alike impartially extends to all:  
All ages and all sexes crowd the tomb,  
And pass from time to an eternal home:  
Then happy they, who hence serenely go,  
And change, for worlds of bliss, a world of woe!*

DIED....In this City....On the 26th inst. Miss Sarah M. Rogers, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Rogers, aged about five years.

.....In Darby Township, (D. C.) on the 23d inst. Mr. Peter Boon.

.....On the 11th inst. at Bermuda, whither she had retired for the restoration of her health, Mrs. Bingham, consort of the hon. William Bingham, of this city.

Mr. Jason Fairbanks and Miss Elizabeth Fales, of Dedham in Massachusetts, each aged about 21 years, having conceived a mutual attachment, and meeting with some obstacles to their union in marriage, met by agreement on the 8th inst. in a thicket of birches near her father's house, when she cut her throat in a shocking manner. Her lover followed her example, but not so effectually. He was living on the 19th, in a very deplorable situation.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"B.'s" communication (received last week) is approved of, and will appear.

"Mr. Quiz'm" is informed, that the editor deems C. R. to have been sufficiently lashed in the 21st number.

"Albert" is approved of, and if the remainder is sent, will be published.

"Hephestion and Alonzo," will appear as soon as possible, but the editor cannot immediately comply with the author's request.

"Amicus," is informed, that his second number of the "Caterer," will appear, if, after timely notice, (which is now given) the author of the first number does not intimate his intention of continuing the subject.

"The Literary Museum," by Messrs. Semi-colon and Period, together with some other communications, are under consideration.

## TEMPLE OF THE MUSES

MR. HOGAN,

*The following Hymn I composed at the age of seventeen: If thought worthy of a place in your Repository, it is at your service.*

G. B.

### UNIVERSAL HYMN OF PRAISE.

SOLI DEO GLORIA.

LET all th' angelic choirs above,  
Attune the golden string;  
And bless th' ALMIGHTY FATHER's love,  
And hallelujahs sing:  
'Till heav'n's imperial dome resound,  
With their celestial lays;  
And nature all unite around  
In universal praise.

Let the bright sun that POWER proclaim,  
Who bade his orb arise,  
To shine with undiminish'd flame,  
And rule diurnal skies;  
And let the moon, with borrow'd light,  
And milder, gentler gleam,  
In praise, illumine the vault of night,  
And to her MAKER beam.

Let all the stars, whose stated urns  
Gild the nocturnal poles,  
And ev'ry planet, as it turns  
And round its axis rolls,  
For ever sing th' ALMIGHTY SIRE,  
His greatness ever loud,  
Whose word created worlds of fire  
And spread the heav'n's abroad.

Let morn with purple honours shine,  
And wake a joyful song;  
And ev'ry beam the strains divine,  
With pleasure all prolong:  
'Till noon, in radiant splendor, hear,  
And send the sound away;  
'Till evening bear it from her sphere  
To Cynthia's silver ray.

Let darkness' angry, sable frown,  
And whirlwind's howling air,  
Loud thunders' rolling from the throne,  
And livid lightnings' glare—  
Harmoniously discordant—tell  
The dread pavilion high,  
Where does the CAUSE OF CAUSES dwell  
In awful majesty.

Let tempests, plagues, and earthquakes dire,  
And burning mountains' roar,  
And desolating storms conspire,  
To speak His mighty pow'r.  
Let rain, and hail, and frost, and snow,  
And all tremendous things,  
In dread array, incessant shew,  
He is the KING OF KINGS.

Let gentle show'rs and pearly dew,  
His milder goodness shew;  
And winds ambrosial balm diffuse,  
And od'rous breezes blow:  
Let gilt and silver clouds that fly,  
And grace the blue expanse,  
For ever beautify the sky,  
And still His praise advance.

Let all the seasons, as they pass,  
Their various tributes bring;  
Disclose His wonders and His grace,  
And all His glories sing:  
The spring in nature's vesture gay,  
The summer's bright domain,  
Rich autumn's tepid, gentle ray,  
And winter's icy reign.

Let the glad earth, from choicest stores,  
Give signs of grateful praise;  
Teem with unnumber'd vernal flow'rs,  
And deck her matron-face:  
Let ev'ry shrub, and ev'ry tree,  
In silent worship, nod;  
And vegetation all agree,  
To own the Author, GOD.

Let aged ocean, from his source,  
Give hoarse-resounding praise;  
And streams, and rills, in gentler course,  
Adjoin their feeble lays;  
Let all the scaly, shining brood,  
Display their silv'ry pride;  
And, praising, lash the foamy flood,  
Or cut the crystal tide.

Let all the beasts, that tread the ground,  
Their various homage pay;  
And ev'ry hill, and valley round  
Reverberate the lay:  
Let ev'ry fowl, that walks the plains,  
And ev'ry bird, that flies,  
Wake fields to rapture, with their strains;  
To melody, the skies.

And thus, while all creation sings,  
And boundless praise is giv'n,  
Attune, O MAN! thy vocal strings,—  
Blest progeny of HEAV'N!  
Glad anthems sound, from pole to pole,  
And praise thy SAVIOUR's name,  
Whose grace, while endless ages roll,  
Shall ever be the same.

### THE TEAR OF PITY.

SAY, dear Maria, whence that sigh,  
That tear which might a Stoic move;  
Can sorrow wet so fair an eye,  
Or wound that bosom form'd for love?

Has some false swain, with guileful art,  
Stolen from thy breast its peace away,  
Deceiv'd thy too-believing heart;  
Left thee, to hopeless love a prey?

Or does some youth, with bootless love,  
Pursue that heart, which long has flown?  
Yet may thy breast compassion move,  
The tear of pity's still thine own.

And is it pity's gentle pow'r,  
That makes the crystal drops to flow?  
And is the sympathetic show'r  
A tribute to another's woe?

The lilly steep'd in morning dew,  
The flow'ry landscape's various dye,  
Are not so lovely to the view,  
As pity's tear in beauty's eye.

Happy the sharer of thy heart;  
Happy that heart to pity giv'n,  
Pity can soothe each earth-born smart;  
A tear can wing the soul to heav'n.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

### ANSWER TO THE RIDDLE

In the last Number.

BLESS'D Power supreme, who left us not  
to grope,  
In this dark world without the rays of hope;  
Sweet beams of comfort to the pining slave,  
Whose worn-out limbs sink trembling to  
the grave. (star,  
Can misers feel, can muck-worms see the  
Does light divine sink into mud so far?  
Oh! bounteous heav'n shine on each sor-  
did elf, (pelf,  
Who grubs and grovels after nought but  
And scarcely loves that being called self.)

Descend fair Nymph, clad in the robes  
of light,  
Dispel my gloom, illuminate my night;  
Thy faithful hand point to the future joy,  
My fears shall vanish my distresses fly—  
"Hope bears us through, nor quits us when  
we die.  
"What future bliss He gives thee not to  
know,  
"But gives that hope to be thy blessing now,  
"Hope humbly then, with trembling pinions  
soar,  
"Wait the great teacher, death, and God  
adore.

T. W. DE LA TIENDA.

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